

Amusement and Bemusement

We all have a park in our minds,
Of a playful and innocent kind.

Where our childhood memories rest,
In a youthful, eternal, live fest.

Each sound and each smell here is sweet,
Grand festivals filling each street.

The attractions are shiny and new,
Bumper cars, and a Ferris wheel too.

The joyous days never are done,
Like the boundless and wonder-filled fun.

The colours are bright; the show's a great sight,
We all have a park in our minds.

We all have a park in our heads,
Of wishes and dreams that are dead.

The bumper cars left here to rot,
The carousel spun and then stopped.

The Ferris wheel's covered in rust,
The coasters have all turned to dust.

What hopefulness could we have saved?
From what now, is our childhood's grave.

This strange music that once served to calm us?
The wind howls with each empty promise.

We dreamed of a future, now our wounds have no sutures,
We all have a park in our heads.